

those that he thought had a chance for print. During the two years my wife Marysia and I lived on our boat at the Waterfront Yacht Harbor, Stockton, I respected his rule of not publishing those who lived within his publishing base. When we moved back to the coast, I was delighted to return to the pages of the WORMWOOD REVIEW, a literary family where I felt I belonged. You had to have a little piranha juice in your poetic food change to climb over the PARIS REVIEW and the NEW YORKER for the absolute thrill of being in the WORMWOOD REVIEW. T. S. Eliot said, "What life have you if you love not life together? There is no life that is not in community." Marvin knew this when he nurtured and sustained a community of poets who literally emblazoned American literature. I'm thankful to have been in that number.

—Ray Clark Dickson

San Luis Obispo, CA

MARVIN MALONE

I can't imagine him not there, the P.O. box up in Stockton not waiting.

I can't imagine his Wormwood's demise—no more Buk or Locklin or Wilma Elizabeth or Voss or Smith coming to me through the mail.

So I imagine him now, sitting on a cloud with Bukowski, with cigars and maybe a bit of wine, smiling, watching all this earthbound tomfoolery, taking his rest in good company, waiting for us all.

I still have that first acceptance letter from Marvin Malone. "You're in Wormwood!" he wrote. Those three words—and his subsequent gentle guidance and encouragement—changed my life, set me off on a task of creating a world of Ruth and Ellis, enriching immeasurably my existence.

Thank you, Marvin Malone. Thank you.

—Dan Lenihan

Oceanside, CA